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BAG CHIP BIRD

BAG CHIP BIRD
GOES TO THE SEA

WILLIAM DIRK MAYBERRY

CHILDREN'S FICTION

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Illustrations by Geinisa P.

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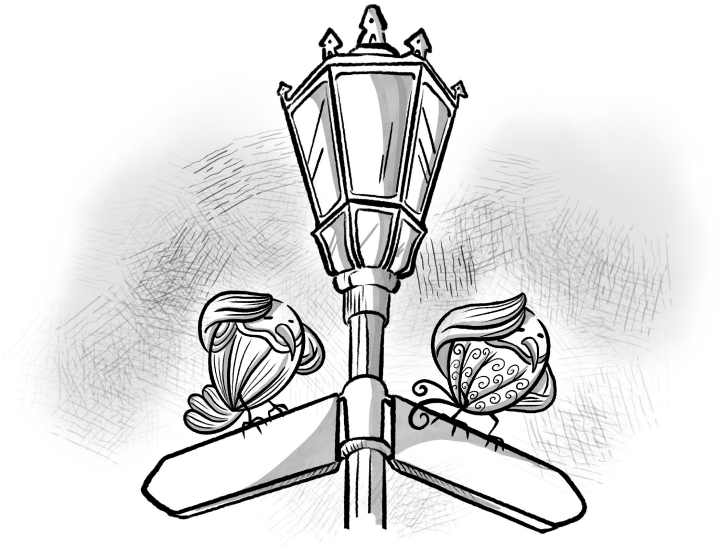
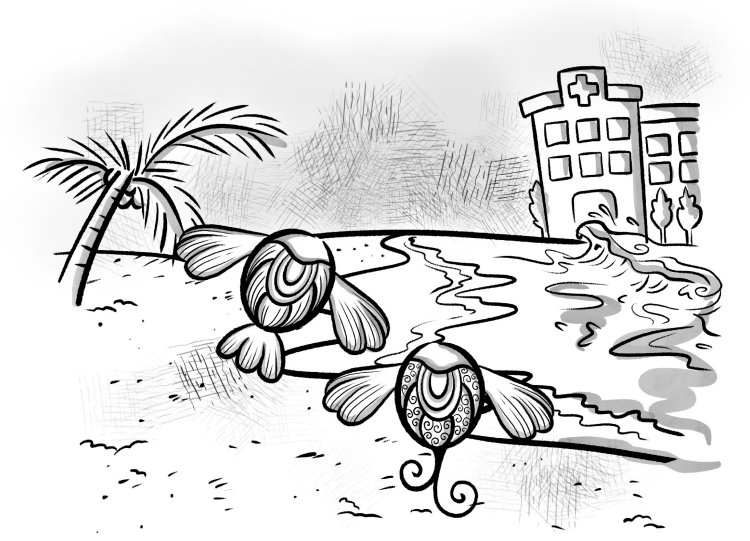
Bag Chip Bird goes to the sea

Bag Chip Bird
written by
W. D. Mayberry
and illustrated by
Geinisa P.

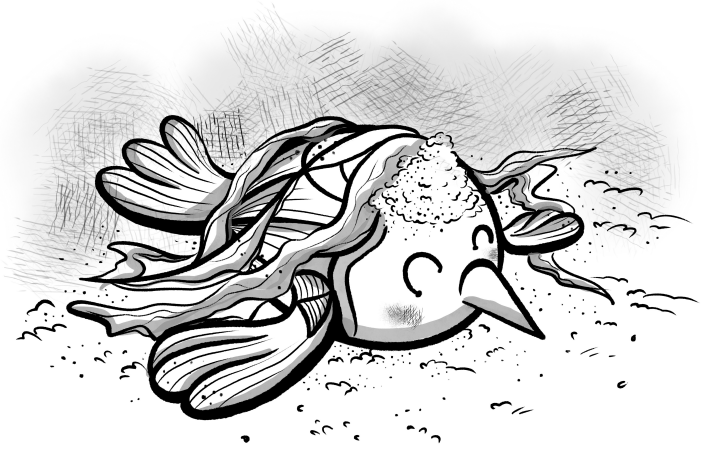
I was fast asleep on the window ledge dreaming about worms. Actually, I was just about to eat a big fat juicy worm when I was awoken by my mate Cherry. “hey Bag Chip, wake up, wake up, wake up“. Chery had just found out his auntie was in hospital down at the coast. You guessed it, bird flu. So anyway, Cherry would visit her and asked me if I would like to go with him. “Hmmm, alright,” I said. I had a few friends down the coast I hadn’t seen for a while, and it would be good to see Cherry’s auntie as well.



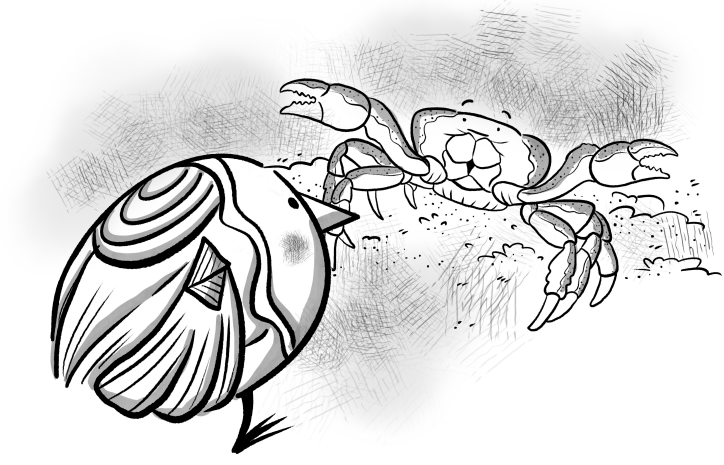
We had a little trick to save us from flying to get to the coast. We were only little birds, and a long trip would take us days, but we worked out a way to make the journey in an hour. We waited on a lamp post near some traffic lights for a truck on its way to the coast. We flew down and hopped in the back as soon as we saw one. We just sat in the back chatting till we got to the coast, and then we flew out. So people have public transport, and our birds have birdlic transport, and it's free.



After a nice ride down the coast, we finally arrived at the Hospital. When we went in, they told Cherry that due to Covid, only 1 visitor was aloud. I didn't want to make a fuss, so I told Cherry to say hi to his Auntie form, and we could meet up at the big mango tree near the beach in a couple hours. Cherry agreed, and we went our separate ways.

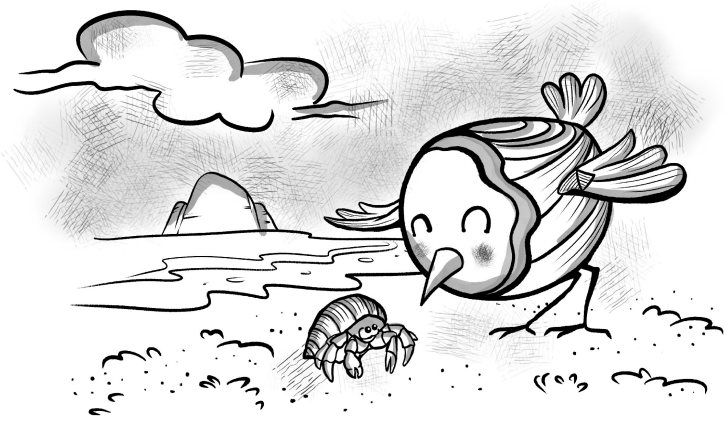


It had been a while since I had been to the beach, and I forgot how sandy it was and smelly with seaweed. But I wasn't about to let that get in my way of seeing some old mates. After all, this was their home.



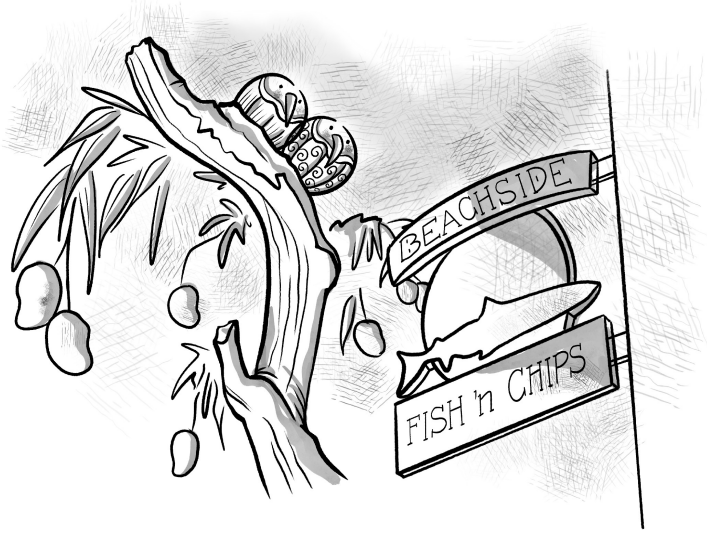
As I walked down to the water, I could hear a familiar voice. It was Crabby, my old mate. “How are you,” I said. “not bad, but I haven’t had breakfast yet, and it’s almost lunchtime. Walking up and down this beach looking for food would be easier if I didn’t have to do it sideways“. “Oh,” I said, “ you should try flying, hehehe“. “don’t be silly, Bag Chip, crabs, can’t fly,” said Crabby. He was always complaining and in a grumpy mood, but he had a point, walking sideways your whole life would be annoying.

After I spoke to Crabby for a bit, I walked down the beach for a bit and there he was, Steven. Steven was a seagull, and I knew his cousin from home. “Hi Steven, how are you,” I said. Steven was surprised to see me and said, “Oh my god, Bag Chip, is that you? It is, it is. I am just having some lunch, not enough for you though, mine, mine, mine” Seagulls were a funny breed of bird, nice as long as you didn’t want any of their food. They always ended each sentence with “mine, mine, mine.”

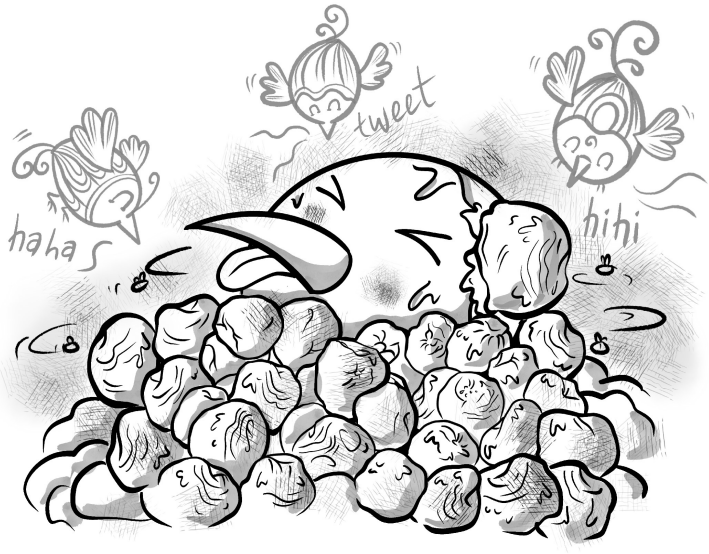


After talking with Steven for a while, I started to walk toward the fish and chip shop. “Oi Bag Chip, my old mate, good to see you,” said Harry, the hermit crab. “Hey Harry, I see you’ve upgraded your house. Looks amazing,” I said. Harry had grown a bit since I last saw him, so he had to move out of his old shell house and find a bigger one. He was very happy with his choice, and his new shell house was beautiful. This trip turned into a reunion of old friends. I was having a great day, but it was about to get a lot better.

With all this walking and talking, I was getting a bit hungry, so I said bye to Harry and flew up to the Fish and Chip shop. I was really happy to catch up with all my old friends. As I got to the fish and chip shop, I noticed someone had just put an almost bag of chips in the bin. They must have been too full after their fish to finish them, lucky for me. Also lucky is that Steven and his mates hadn't noticed them. It was the best lunch I have had in weeks.



After lunch, it was time for me to fly up to a cat-free and safe branch on the old big mango tree next to the fish and chip shop. But, oh my, I was so full I could hardly fly up to the branch. As planned, I would wait here for Cherry to return from visiting his aunty in the Hospital.



Cherry was a good mate, and well, you may be thinking, how did he get his name. Well, one day, we were all hanging out at the back of the fruit shop, and the owner, this short tubby guy called George, threw a perfectly good box of cherries in the bin, or so we thought. Unfortunately, cherry had flown headfirst into them before we could investigate and he disappeared. The problem for Cherry was that they were all rotten, and when he finally climbed his way out of the box, he was the same colour as the cherries from all the rotten ripe cherry juice. That's how he got his nickname. Oh, and by the way, it took him nine bird baths to get rid of the smell and the colour from the rotten cherry juice. I remember that day well because I had a sore stomach from laughing so much.

After about an hour, cherry showed up, and we both waited for a truck to ride home in. He didn't need any lunch as he said he shared lunch with his auntie. He said she would be fine, and the doctor said his aunty would make a full recovery.

After an hour, we arrived back home. It was a long day and great to catch up with all my friends at the beach. But, it was also great to be back in my old sleeping spot, safe from cats and ready to start sleeping and dreaming about those fat tasty worms. I love worms.

I have some other stories, but they are for another day. Just remember, next time you have some chips, leave a few in the bag for your old mate Bag Chip and thank you.

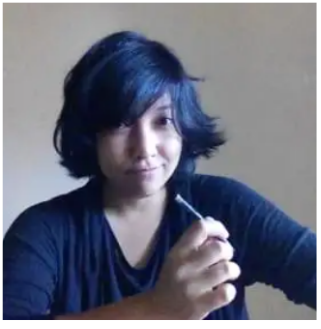
The End

About the author

William Dirk Mayberry is an Australian writer and independent digital publisher based in West Java, Indonesia. Writing across fiction, memoir, essays, educational works, self-help, and reflective nonfiction, his work explores memory, resilience, observation, and everyday human experience through a direct and personal style. His interest in storytelling began during his service in the Royal Australian Navy and later developed into a growing catalogue of independently published digital works released under the Java Free Press imprint. His publications include memoirs such as The Longest Way Home, children's stories from the Bag Chip Bird series, practical educational titles from the 101 Self Help collection, and speculative fiction projects including the Crononaught Collection. Influenced by writers such as Robert Louis Stevenson, his work combines realism, introspection, and accessible storytelling across a range of genres and formats.

About Illustrator

Geinisa P.



An inspirational and upcoming artist from Bandung, Indonesia, Geinisa P has an extensive portfolio of work and six years' illustrating experience. Her ability to build usable user interfaces and user experiences has provided her with an opportunity to pursue a life of freelancing her skills as an illustrator. This has allowed her to realise a flexible, balanced, honest, and professional career as a prominent artist.

Throughout W. D Mayberry's children's book series, Bag Chip Bird, Geinisa P's illustrations provide the story with fun and vibrant characters who come to life, capturing young readers' attention and imaginations.

Geinisa P. can be contacted to create more beautiful artwork and illustrations via the Freelancer website @ https://www.freelancer.com/u/saiyaneia

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